





T H E

Court *and* City Medley;

O R,

POLITICAL SHAVER;

Being a curious COLLECTION of Satirical Originals, in Prose and Verse; adapted to the *Present Times* :

Containing, among a Variety of other Oddities,

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| I. Fire and Faggot, or the City Mob. | X. Dying Groans of a Devonshire Cyder-Mill. |
| II. Newgate Triumphant. | XI. TREASON in TOWN. |
| III. LIBERTY PISTOL'D. | XII. The Paper Thieves. |
| IV. Prison and Pillory. | XIII. An Alphabet suitable to the Times. |
| V. The Sons of Gomorrah. | XIV. An odd Epistle to L--d B--e from the West of England. |
| VI. The RICH BASTARDS. | XV. The Farmer's Prayer, &c. &c. &c. |
| VII. The Picture of Peace. | |
| VIII. The Murdered Apple-Tree. | |
| IX. Scalping in England. | |

Ornamented with a suitable COPPER-PALTE.

Humbly addressed to the County of Bucks,

By Sir DANIEL DOWNRIGHT.

Honi soit Qui Maly Pense.

JUVEN.

“ Such fulsome Objects meeting every where;
“ 'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear;
“ But since the World with writing is possest,
“ I will Lampoon in spight—and do my best,
“ To make as much waste Paper as the rest.” }

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by G. Redmayne, in
Creed-lane, Ludgate-street. 1764.



DEDICATION.

TO THE
COUNTY of *BUCKS.*

GENTLEMEN,

TIS to your whole County, I fly
for Protection; to your noble,
free-born, and true spirited County;
who undoubtedly at this critical Junc-
ture, sigh and sympathize, with a poor
unfortunate *Son* of LIBERTY, on the
cruel Treatment of LIBERTY'S CHAM-
PION. The whole World by this Time,
well knows my Meaning.

BUT alas! Gentlemen! I wish I cou'd
be happily convinc'd, that more than
half the World wou'd remember all
that he has suffer'd in CATO's Cause;
and not only remember, but as He has
nobly done, at the Hazard of his Life
and Fortune, venture theirs on the same
Principal of Honour.

ALL

DEDICATION.

ALL that can possibly be said any further on this Plan, is easily sum'd up in a stale *Latin* Motto, viz.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

THIS, I suppose, will be call'd, carrying the Jest too far: But Gentlemen there is nothing like a home Jest. Præ excuse me for concluding so abruptly and believe me to be, with the utmost Sincerity of Heart,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obliged,

most obedient humble Servant

to Command,

Sir Daniel Downright.

P R E F A C E,

O R

P R O L O G U E.

THE Author having little Time,
To scribble either Prose or Rhyme;
Has made a Hodge-Podge strange Collection,
That will not bear the least Inspection;
Yet Charges for it Eighteen-Pence,
As if the World was void of Sense;
So *S---t---n* like, to serve his Ends,
He picks the Pockets of his Friends.

Under the Name of *Daniel Downright*,
He'd make ye think he's ne'er known Right.

Nay worse,---his Failings too Impannel,
He's angry if not call'd, *SIR DANIEL*;
'Tis an imprudent Way of Sporting,
With Knighthood, and the *F---s* of Fortune.

The *Critical Reviewers* all,
Will the dull empty *Dunciad* maul;
And all the Critics of the Age,
Will fly in a confounded Rage;
Sure *Harry H---*, and *Harry R---es*,
Will cram him in their burlesque Odes.

No doubt the Printer of the Book,
Will give him many a sour Look;
And wish as every one may guess,
He had never set it in the Press.

Thus

P R E F A C E.

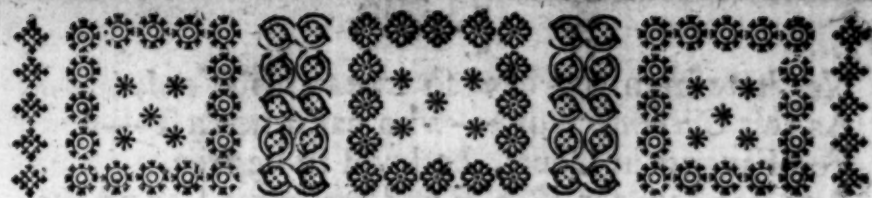
Thus Self-condemn'd-----

-----The Author stands-----

Waiting for Mercy at your Hands;
 For Mercy waiting,---but he owns,
 That his Defart is broken Bones;
 Yet hopes so ill, you'll not be Treating,
 A poor submissive Knight of *Britain*;
 Whom Fortune curse, the ragged W--re,
 Has oftentimes turn'd out of Door;
 And made him many a Night be dodging,
 To find a Friend to pay for Lodging.
 At other Times, he's had such Luck,
 That he's been almost Thunder-struck;
 His Snuff-Box has been full of Guineas,
 Which he has spent on drunken *Ninnies*;
 And pawn'd his Clothes for Beer and Gin.
 But yet was the Time to come again,
 He Night and Morning does declare,
 He'd sober keep, and take more Care;
 And swears he wou'd n't one Step follow,
 That treacherous *Will o' th' Whisp*, *Apollo*;
 Nor e'er sit down to write a Line,
 To please his mad-Brain Daughters Nine.

So humbly hopes, both Court and City,
 The Whizing in his Head will Pity;
 For if one Enemy he gains,
 By the vile Frothing of his Brains;
 Or by neglecting turning Brass, §
 He'll frankly own himself an Ass.

§ *His Trade.*



T H E

Court *and* City Medley

For the Year 1763.



Fire and Faggot, or the C--y Mob.

* AIR LIBERTY'S Patriot, a Country
Esquire,
F Who all the whole County of Bucks did
admire;
* Thought some People, who carry their
Heads very high
Were learning a good K. to tell a d---n Lye,
To the Nation.

Resolv'd, tho' a Colonel, as some People say,
To be for a Spurt---in the Scribbling way;
He snatch'd up his Pen, and he touch'd 'em so nigh,
He nett'led 'em so, that he made 'em all fly,
In a Passion.

They immediately swear by Bell, Candle, and Bible,
'Tis a scurvy Affair---a most damnable LIBEL;
And by *Fire and Faggot* they'll have it destroy'd,
So in a great hurry the Hangman's employ'd
For to blaze it.

The Chimes at the 'Change had proclaim'd it was Noon,
Says the C--y Mob, the S--te Mob will visit us soon:
A Carpenter bold, declar'd that this Job
Shou'd ne'er be perform'd, for the Hangman he'd rob,
He wou'd seize it.

B

No

No Statesman was ever so true to his Word,
 As this *Carpenter* bold---who car'd not a T---d
 For Favours at Court, he lov'd to be free,
 And stood up for *W---es* and for sweet LIBERTY,
 And he hollow'd.

He headed the Mob, that he did without doubt,
 And the *Faggots* as if they'd got Wings flew about ;
 The *Sh---ffs* retreat, and the Constables scout,
 The Hangman, the *Carpenter*, put to the rout,
 The Mob follow'd.

The *Political Conjurers* all were afraid
 To reinforce and attack the incens'd Cavalcade ;
 Each thought in his Heart 'twas a folly to grieve,
 So Providence gave 45 a Reprieve.

Huzza Boys.



NEWGATE TRIUMPHANT.

To the Tune of NANCY DAWSON.

A Statesman's Cat once catch'd a Mouse,
 And drag'd him to the *Mansion-house* ;
 The poor Thing valu'd not a Louse
 Their villainous Intentions.

They told my L--d this Mouse was bit
 By a mad Dog---belov'd by P--t,
 And Pr--t, and W---es, and swore 'twas fit,
 For sundry Pretensions.

That this poor Mouse should go to Pot,
 Their Malice being piping hot,
 Said Treason in his Heart he'd got,
 He'd bilk'd an Execution.

My L--d did at their railing wink,
 And took but little time to think,
 So call'd for Paper, Pen and Ink,
 To sign his Dissolution.

This Mouse to *Newgate* was convey'd
 By Constables officious aid,
 And Liberty his Garnish paid,
Newgate was in her Glory.

The

The Sons of FREEDOM all attend,
 Their dear reproach'd dishonour'd Friend,
 And now they will his Cause defend,
 A comfortable Story.



LIBERTY PISTOL'D.

An odd SOLILOQUY.

SAY, is it better when proud Sco---en rule,
 And by the Nose lead M-----y in State,
 To extol a barren Land, and praise the Itch,
 To applaud the Measures that *North Britons* take,
 Or with an *English* Goose Quill make 'em quake;
 To be the butt of Malice and Revenge,
 To run the hazard of one's Life each Hour,
 Or sleep securely on a Bed of Down,
 And wilfully be deaf to all the Cries
 Of oh! important Grief! my bleeding Country!
 Or nobly stand up in an honest Cause,
 And bear the Censure of hot-headed For---s,
 Or trip from *France*, and have a second Challenge
 From furious Tib--t Ma---n, who long time
 Had practis'd shooting, at a treacherous Target?
 I am resolv'd to stand the fatal Test;
 Come Ma---n, with your Pistol do your best.
 'Tis done---lo! on the Platform lies the Hero,
 Gasping for Breath in *Hyde-park's* fatal Circle;
 The unhospital Ball has pierc'd his Side,
 Yet view his generous departing Soul:
 M---n take care---you shall know no Disgrace,
 Take my Advice, fly instant from this Place.



PRISON and PILLORY.

To the Tune of CHEVY CHACE.

GOD prosper long our B-----g,
 Who rais'd the Price of Malt;
 If e'er he does a foolish Thing
 How can it be his Fault:

B 2

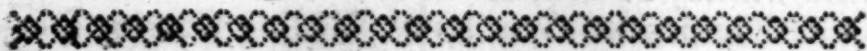
When

When wicked Mi---rs advise
Him to his own undoing,
And fill his Head brimful of Lies
To work the Peoples' Ruin.

He always does the best he can,
As ev'ry one believes ;
He's only one poor honest Man,
Among a D** of T*****.

Who matter not, if you or me
Immediately were put
In Prison, or on Pillory,
While they all feast their Gut.

They'll ne'er do Penance for their Sins,
Nor taste the Cup of Sorrow,
Until that all the Outs are Ins ;
G--d grant it were To-morrow.



The SONS of GOMORRAH.

YE horrid d----d unnat'ral lech'rous Crew,
Has Hell a Criminal so black as you ;
Whether ye came from *Chick-lane*, or the *Park*,
Ye Tribes of *Mollys*, lovers of the Dark ;
Whether your gloomy Titles we can scan,¹
By Countess,* long Tail Peg, or Pigtail Nan,
St. Dunstan's Betty, or *Nell-beattle* Brow,
Or the salubrious Name of Coddled Cow :
Whether ye smell of *Mackrell* or of *Fennel*,
Your Deeds stink worse, than *Fee-lane's* Sheep's-head
Kennel.

Aunt Gibson thinks-----

----- And I am of her Mind,
The hottest Place in Hell's for ye design'd ;
All Women hope ye're d---d by all Mankind :
And sure as ever ye're despis'd by God,
The Devil will flog ye with an IRON ROD. }

* The Author dares give no farther Explanation, Nick-Names they gave themselves.

The RICH BASTARDS.

*To the Tune of Pimping is the Science, or the only
Mode in Fashion.*

I.

THEY're powder'd all from Top to Toe,
And with Pomatum plaister'd;
Yet 'tis not ev'ry powder'd Beau,
That is a *wealthy* Bastard.

II.

Upon the *Irish* List, we know,
There's many so are reckon'd;
And I do know, it was not so,
In G-----'s Days the Second.

III.

But ----- the Third, upon my Word,
As ev'ry Age grows wiser,
Acts wittily---ye all may see,
I'd scorn to publish Lies, Sir.

IV.

To *W--es* and *T-----* kind He's been,
And done Things with Decorum;
Commission'd---t'other Thing I mean,
Is *Custus Rutolorum*.

V.

Had *W---es* and *T--p-e* Bastards been,
Their future Fate to mention,
Their Places now they wou'd be in,
Or have a lusty *Pension*.

VI.

But in the Year of 63,
Things went but odd for certain;
So to the Crew, I bid adieu,
That love Blood-thirsty *M-----n*.



THE PICTURE of P---E.

HAVE you not seen upon a grand Parade
Where *Rates* and *Shuter*, pleas'd the Cavalcade;
In the Autumnal Season of the Year,
An odd fantastic Salt-box Son appear,

With

With Coat all over patch'd? if you've seen this,
Then you have seen the Picture of the P**ce.

Or did you never in your Life behold,
The hasty Humours of some arrant Scold,
Whose Voice is Thunder, and her Looks so dire,
Her very Eyes discover Flames of Fire,
Her Fury lasts not long---if you've seen this,
Then you have seen the Picture of the P**ce.



THE MURDERED APPLE-TREE.

To the Tune of the BABES in the WOOD.

NEAR Exeter, in Devonshire,
A City much renown'd,
An Apple-Tree did once appear,
At Heart and Root quite sound.
THIS Tree in Plenty ev'ry Year
Did annual Tribute pay,
The Blossoms that her Boughs did bear,
Were fragrant as the May.
BUT oh! unhappy Apple-Tree,
How fatal was her End;
A Boot work'd her Calamity,
And Boot's no Farmer's Friend.
SOME Critics now will raise Disputes,
They may as well be mute,
I did not mean a Pair of Boots,
I meant a single Boot.
A Pair of Boots have gain'd Renown,
'Cause to the Legs they're civil;
But 'tis the Cry of all the Town,
A single Boot's a DEVIL.



SCALPING in ENGLAND.

THE Scalping Crew, are next my Plan;
And I'll describe 'em to a Man;
They're such as ev'ry Day distress
The Widow and the Fatherless;

That

That grind the Faces of the Poor,
 And mock, and spurn 'em from their Door;
 I've seen 'em at a Church-Door stand
 Begging with Pewter-Plate in Hand;
 I've seen 'em from their Post releas'd,
 And catch'd 'em stuffing at a Feast.
 Sometimes you'll see 'em in a Chariot,
 With Face as red as any Carrot,
 By foul Debauche the Night before,
 With some lewd drunken high-bred Whore.
 At other Times they take their Place
 At C---t, bedizen'd o'er with Lace.
 There are some of the Female Race,
 Entitled to this foul Disgrace,
 Who strut in Sattin and Brocade,
 And Pomp and Letchery's their Trade.
 The C---y has but few, I own,
 They swarm at t'other End the Town;
 At *Drury-Lane*, and *Covent-Garden*,
 Players and Pimps, I ask ye pardon,
 I'll let alone what I intended,
 'Cause once I was by ye befriended;
 When *Weatherby*, and his fat Wife,
 Were in the high Tide of their Life,
 Therefore observe,----your Tribe are mist,
 Ye are not in the *Scalping-List*.
 Of Parsons there are very few,
 I may say none, that yet I knew;
 But tho' the Gospel, owns them not,
 The Law has sev'ral Hundreds got.



Dying Groans of a DEVONSHIRE CYDER-MILL.

A Tragic SOLILOQUY in an odd way.

HARK! hark! my injur'd Countrymen,
 Hark to those dismal Groans,
 That pierce the honest Hearts
 Of all the poor industrious Western Farmers!

Eccho

Eccho conveys the dismal hated Sound---
To Bath---to Bristol---London hears 'em now,
The wretched, undone, ruin'd Cyder-Mill
Groans so vehemently, our good L--d M----r,
And all his worthy Court of Al-----n
Can bear no longer the unwelcome Sound!
Petitions to their Royal Master's offer'd
To stop---ah! what? what never can be done;
For lo! the Cyder-Mill, is just expiring!
She's dead!---oh! hapless Minute!
All the Farmers, their Wives, and
Oh! their little tender Babes, will
Certainly by Heaven's all-seeing Eye,
By the great Justice of God's awful Throne-
Be suffered to Revenge, or tell the World
In glaring Characters, a Sc-----n caus'd
The sudden Death, of their poor CYDER-MILL!

TREASON *in* TOWN.

A DIALOGUE between a GREAT MAN at St.
J****'s, and a little *Saffron-Hill* POET.

To the Tune of BRUSSELS GAZETTE.

P O E T.

DREAD, Sir, you'll excuse me---your Name
I've forgot;
But prithee be quick, can you tell me or not,
Who these wicked R---s are, these base T---rs, I mean,
That are false to their C-----y, their K--g, and
their Q---n?
From the C--y large Sums they have borrow'd or stole,
And their Consciences must be as black as a Coal.

GREAT MAN.

Whatever they borrow, whatever they steal,
Their Names, Mr. Poet, I'm bound to conceal;
Because you must know, that I am better bred,
And I'll not run the hazard of losing my H--d;
I hate for to wrangle, dissemble, and jar,
Ever since my two Brothers came to *Temple-Bar*.

THE

THE PAPER THIEVES.

A Satire in Hudibrastic Verse.

IT matters not what Occupations,
 There's *Thieves* of all Denominations;
 Some on the Highway gain their Booty,
 Deliver, or by —, I'll shoot ye.
 There are *Thief-takers*, and *Thief-makers*,
Pickpockets, *Footpads*, and *House-breakers* :
 It happens sometimes (to be Brief)
 The Keeper of a Jail's a T——.
 He that contriv'd the C--er-Act,
 Was a notorious T—— in fact;
 Some *Publicans* pretend to be,
 True Emblems of strict *Honesty* ;
 Some are so---ev'ry one believes,
 And some are tricking bilking T——.
 There are some Poets by the bye,
 Who will not *swear*, nor will they *lye*,
 But *rob* you of your Reputation,
 By base scurrilous Defamation.
 If in the Author there's Belief,
 A *Printer* sometimes is a T—— ;
 My *Printer's* not one of their Clan,
 He's quite a diff'rent sort of Man ;
 Howe'er, that matters not a Farthing,
 There's many *Thieves* round *Covent-Garden* ;
Blasphemous, *purjur'd*, *scoundrel* Fellows,
 And pity 'tis, they 'scape the Gallows ;
 Who'd hang their Father e'er 'tis Night,
 If they cou'd get a Penny by't :---
Religion droops---and *Virtue* grieves,
 To be surrounded thus by *Thieves*.
 But among all the *Thieves* that goes
 Through Summer's Heat and Winter's Snows,
 There's none, I swear by *Jane Shore's Taper*
 So bad as those that steal our Paper.

An ALPHABET suitable to the Times.

A WAS an Act upon Cyder and Perry.
B A blind Justice---remarkably merry.
C Was a Critic---De'el take the whole Clan.
D Was a Dunce, tho' a Parliament-Man.
E Was an *Earl*, that was false to the Crown.
F Was a Footpad, who knock'd People down.
G Was a Gambler, known round *Covent-Garden*.
H A Housekeeper, was scarce worth a Farthing.
I Was a Jilter, and a Bagnio Whore.
K Was King George---a good King to be sure.
L Was a Lawyer---a Liar you guess.
M Was a Messenger of the King's Press.
N Was *North-Briton*---you know what is meant.
O An old Usurer at 20 per Cent.
P Was a Poet, as poor as you please.
Q Query if there are not many of these.
R Was a Rake, and it Ruin did bring.
S Was a Smuggler, and cheated the King.
T Was a Tinker, that mended old Pots.
V Was a Vintner, well courted by Sots.
U Was an ungentee, cross Parish Clerk.
W *Wilkes*, that was shot in *Hyde-park*.
X, Y, Z, &, I leave to be done by an abler Hand.



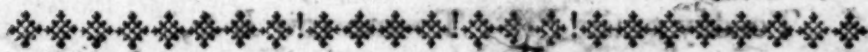
LOYAL HEALTHS.

TO his Majesty George the Third! to his
 Amiable Consort, Queen Charlotte! to that
 Honest-hearted Patriot, Mr. Pitt!
 To the Guardian of our Liberty, be who
 He will! to all Merchants in the Interest
 Of Great Britain! to the most noble John
 Marquis of Granby! and all those few
 Valiant Commanders we at present can boast!
 To the Downfal of the Church of Rome!
 May a Halter or a Hatcher be each Traitor's Doom.

An

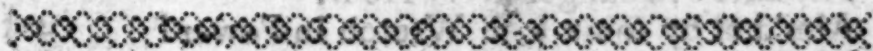
*An odd Epistle to L. B. from the West of
England.*

GOOD Lord! my Lord! I've heard some People
tell,
All the poor Farmers wish you were in Hell.
'Tis a rash wish, quite barb'rous, quite uncivil,
But you regard not God, nor Man, nor Devil;
For you, my Lord, to serve your private Ends,
Wou'd sacrifice the dearest of your Friends;
You'll sell your God for half a Pint of Wine,
To ruin all the poor's your whole Design.
The little Children that can scarce speak plain,
Bid *Britons* rise their *Freedom* to maintain;
Your C---r-A--'s, a greater Imposition,
Than the Pope's Bull, or *Spain's* d--n Inquisition.
Each Apple-tree Lover would part with ten Shillings,
To have him hang'd up as the worst of Villains.



The FARMER'S PRAYER.

GRANT Heaven! L. B. may never be without
The Rheumatism, the Itch, and P-x, and Gout;
May ev'ry single joint be always itching,
And he deny'd the benefit of scratching;
May he be hamper'd with some ugly Witch,
And die at last in some curst fulsome Ditch;
Without the Benefit of Psalms or Hymns,
And crouds of Crows devour his rotten Limbs;
May wanton Boys to 'Town his Bones convey,
Bonfires to make on each rejoycing Day.



EPIGRAM.

THE Mob with State Power will always dispute;
The State burnt a Paper, the Mob burnt a Boot.

EPIGRAMS.

SOME at L-d B--e's Administration fret;
 Others blame P--t, about the Nation's Debt.
English, Welch, Irish, love P--t without dispute,
 And all the *Caledonians* love L--d B-te.
 That P--t's an Angel, some pretend to tell;
 So's B--e, no doubt---he's one of them that fell.

SAYS a jolly Jack Tar, to a poor hungry Scot,
 Here's a Health to brave P--tt, will you pledge it
 or not?
 'Tis a Bargain, quoth Sawney, will you agree to't,
 If I drink once to P--t, you shall drink twice to B-e?
 Avast, quoth the Tar, and leave hauling that Rope,
 I'd as leave drink Success to the Devil and Pope.

THE scribbling Miscreants of the Age,
 With Falshood fully every Page;
 In half the Public Papers,
 Some mercenary Views to suit,
 To-day praise P--tt, To-morrow B-te,
 Pray ha't they got the Vapours?

ON LIBERTY.

WATER may Fishes, Air may Birds content,
 'Tis Nature's Order, who can doubt it;
 But LIBERTY's a BRITON's Element,
 He can't, one instant, breathe without it.

BRITANNIA'S SOLILOQUY.

SURE nothing can my Grief exceed,
 For *Wilkes* my very Heart doth bleed;
 Alas! poor honest Gentleman,
 By doing for me all he can,
 His Life's in danger every Hour,
 Aim'd at by some base Wretch in Power!
 Wounded at Noon-tide in *Hyde-Park*,
 What must avail him nightly, in the dark!
 How shall he 'scape from those who count it good,
 At any rate, to shed his precious Blood?

The

The Poet standing Centry at the Market-Cross, near the black Hole, Litchfield City.

The Author of the Book was trepan'd for a Soldier in the late War, and served the King in the 104th Regiment of Foot. Head Quarters was at the City above-mentioned. The following Lampoon he wrote on Himself in the depth of Winter, just after his being released from his Post.

THE pensive Poet's at a woeful Loss,
To paint the Horrors of the Market-Cross;
Where nought but hideous Sights affright the Soul,
As cruel whipping-Post, and dire black Hole;
Muse, draw the Curtain---let the Ladies see,
The shivering Poet standing Centry;
With Bay'net fix'd, and * *Glory* on his Head,
His Limbs half froze, and all His Spirits fled.
The whistling Winds attack with all their Power
His Face, Eyes, Ears, Arms, Body, Legs, all o'er,
All Nature seems to threat his Dissolution,
He braves the Storm with feeble Constitution;
His Appetite, poor Soul, is vastly keen,
His Pocket low, his Credit wond'rous thin.
The pious Gift, the † Bishop late extended,
Is every Farthing, ev'ry Doit expended;
No friendly Patron near the odious Spot,
By all belov'd, and yet by all forgot;
In this unmerciful, and dismal Plight,
Surrounded by the Horrors of the Night;
Methinks 'tis something wonderful to tell,
That He's oblig'd to often cry--- ‡ All's well.

* The Regiment wore Caps, with *Glory* in the front;
—tho' 'twas false *Glory*.

† Alluding to a present the Bishop of that Diocese gave him.

‡ The watch Word over Prisoners.

EPIGRAM, occasioned by a certain *Colonel* breaking
his Regiment, called *GLORYS*, at the Gallows
near *Exeter City*. By a disbanded Soldier.

THE *GLORYS* were reckon'd a set of good Fellows,
Pray why did you break 'em at Heavy Tree Gallows?
What's worse, I'm informed, your poor Soldiers got nothing
For, side Arms, Recruiting, Arrears, and their Cloathing.
Speak Colonel, if ever you spoke in your Life,
This Thing must occasion a great deal of Strife?
The City of *Exon* are up in Alarms,
And they swear by the L--d 'tis your own C--t of A--s.
'Tis a scandalous Thing for a *BRITON* to sing,
And I hope it will reach to the Ears of our King.



A Petition deliver'd in the City of *Bath*,

May 19, 1763.

To Mr. Quin the Player. By a disbanded Soldier.

S I R,

BEING full of Contrition,
With the greatest Submission,

I write this Petition,

To shew my Condition

Is needy.

I think it no Sin,

To tell Mr. Quin,

A Soldier I've been,

And distress I am in,

I'm feedy.

Quite ruin'd and undone,

I'm travelling to *London*,

With an honest Discharge,

Being just set at large,

From bad Fellows.

Who on Purpose our Spirits to teaze and provoke,

Gave us nothing for Cloaths, and our Regiment broke

At the Gallows.

'Tis a scandalous thing

For *Britons* to sing,

And we hope it will ring

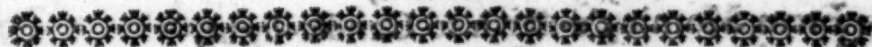
In the Ears of our King.

To

To Mr. *Humphrey Haderredan*, on his Marriage with an old Woman.

HOW's this, Friend *Numph* —
 —Are you not wrong,
 The young shou'd marry with the young?
 A monstrous Mistake you've made,
 'Tis well if you're not froze in Bed.
 How can you *Humphrey* take Delight,
 To hear her grunting every Night?
 Old *Mother Shipton* had more Charms,
 Than her you have taken to your Arms;
 A coarse confounded Lump of Stuff
 Whose Skin is as a Bear's-Skin rough;
 A Flavour issues from her Gums,
 Like that which from the Pole-Cat comes;
 Her Teeth are rotten, I've heard say;
 Her Eyes, like Bullets, stuck in Clay:
 In her, all Imperfections meet,
 And every one out-stinks *Fish-street*,
 That's near the *Monument* in *London*,
Humphrey, thou art for ever undone.

Your's, to Command, SOLOMON SNAP.



A Merry Health at a Christening.

HEALTH, and Prosperity, and long Life to
 All this good Company, chearfully assembled
 Under the Banner of the God of Love:
 All Joy to the Bride and Bridegroom;
 May she be as fruitful as a fruitful Vine,
 He as loving as the constant Dove;
 May they never know Trouble, Sorrow, or Cares;
 And may we all in ten Months Time meet
 Here, to be merry Gossips at another Christening!

A Squib on the advertising Staymaker.

BEHOLD, fair Ladies of this Nation,
 The useful'st Man in God's Creation;
 'Tis I that can with wond'rous Art,
 To you a Shape and Air impart:
 I am the Man, come soon or later,
 That baffles all the Spite of Nature.
 She that is like a Sixpence bent,
 Has now no reason to repent;
 Tho' like the worst of Billets winding,
 Ladies it is not worth your minding;
 Repair to me, 'tis in my Power,
 To make you straight in half an Hour.
 Some Bunglers who can't thread the Needle,
 May for your Custom cringe and whcedle,
 May tell ye half a thousand Lies,
 But are asham'd to advertise;
 I make this public Application,
 Only because it is the Fashion,
 Or else the De'el a bit I'd vapour,
 In this, or any public Paper.
 Believe me, Ladies, I will work
 As hard as any *Jew* or *Turk*,
 From Morning's-dawn to Candle-light,
 Nor hope to get a Farthing by it;
 But that ye may not look like Apes,
 All my grand View's, to mend your Shapes.

*An ACROSTICK on*

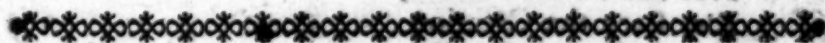
Ah! Heaven's! how she stinks! her Body's tainted;
Witness ye Gods! her tallow Face is painted;
Her little thatch of Hair is just consum'd;
Oh! curse the jilting Jade, her Breath's perfum'd;
Rank is her Soul, polluted is her Mind;
Estem'd by none—abhor'd by all Mankind!

To

To the PRINTER.

S I R,

THE Court and City Medley being now ended, that is to say, Dinner being over, I propose a little odd kind of a Defart for my worthy Customers; which I entitle, *A Collection of odd, strange, uncommon, original, humorous, whimsical, Pieces of, &c.*



A Collection of odd, strange, uncommon,
original, humorous, whimsical, Pieces of
Poetry; calculated for the sole Amusement
of the Knights of BRITAIN.

To be found in no other Book in GREAT BRITAIN.

The Author Lampooning Himself.

Tune, Tom Brown's Lamentation.

BY my Eriends turn'd adrift,
I am at my last shift,
I'm despis'd like a Sheep that is scabby.
The Lord aboves knows
I have pawn'd all my Cloaths,
But those I have on, which are shabby.

Fal der al, &c.

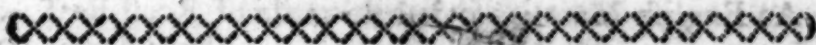
Not one in the Nation,
E'er since the Creation
Was ever in such a Condition,
I'm sure I'm as black
As an old Charcoal Sack,
And as ragged as Will the Musician.

My Credit's grown thin,
And my Appetite's keen,
Tho' I never was reckon'd a Glutton;
I cou'd drink, I declare,
A whole Gallon of Beer,
And eat a large Shoulder of Mutton.

What a ravenous Beast
I shou'd make at a Feast,
If you'd trust me to sit at your Table;
And my Girdle were Cord,
I believe, by the Lord,
I cou'd burst with my Guts a Ship's Cable.

By

By a Rush Candle Light,
 I sit up all Night
 To study—and ransack each Letter;
 But believe me, my Friend,
 I at the Year's End,
 Am never a Farthing the better;
 I have Children three
 That are bothering me,
 And they whimper, and whine, and they mutter;
 Soon as Morning appears
 I've a Peal in my Ears,
 'Tis Daddy—we want Bread and Butter.
 The Bone of my Bone
 Is so desperate grown,
 That she oftentimes takes up the Ladle,
 And bruises my Head,
 'Cause I bring home no Bread
 To her Baby, that lies in the Cradle.



Y O U R N O S E S.

Tune, Derry down.

I SING of your Noses—ye all may suppose
 The Muse han't been us'd to such Ditties as those;
 But 'tis your long Noses require my Song,
 As there's nothing so grand as a Nose that is long.
Derry down, &c.
 Long Noses have long been the talk of the Town,
 There is nothing so soon with the Ladies go down;
 They hate little Noses you very well know,
 Because it denotes you've but little below.
Derry down, &c.
 A visble Nose is a very good thing,
 It beo mes both the Subject—the Prince and the King;
 The Sight on't diverts all the Ladies at Court,
 But a Nose that is short, can afford e'm no Sport.
Derry down, &c.
The

The buxom young Widow will make smutty Speeches
About your long Noses, and point at your Breeches;
But Mercy defend Us—how loud she will brawl
When you come to attack if you've no Nose at all.

Derry down, &c.

Now if Nature shou'd form on your Nose a high Ridge,
The Punsters cry Zounds Sir! that's like Putney Bridge;
Yet some of your Noses oft make a worse Farce
When they Cry heark'y Bob—bob your Nose in my—

Derry down, &c.

By the Carbuncle Nose we discover a Sot,
And the Mulberry Nose has the same Title got;
A snipe Nose may get you the Name of a Fox
But a Nose that is rotten—proclames you've the P—x;

Derry down, &c.

Now different Countries as ev'ry one knows,
Discloses ye plainly a different Nose;
Our own Country first—why Faith to be brief,
An English-Mans Nose is half made of Roast Beef.

Derry down, &c.

The Nose of a Frenchman is meagre and thin,
'Tis gen'rally long—but it looks very mean;
The Nose of Hamburgers appear very snug,
But the Nose of a Dutchman's, the Nose of a Pug.

Derry down, &c.

Of the Welshman Cot plefs Hur-e'en sing what you please;
Hur Nose loves the Smell of a good toasted Cheese.
And if hur Nose was but so long as hur Leek,
Cots splut how hur'd make all the young Women squeak.

Derry down, &c.

The Nose of a Black is the Colour of Slows,
The Spaniard's possess of a large swarthy Nose;
Poor Sawny, the Scotchman's remarkably dull,
For to think that his Nose is so much like his Mull.

Derry down, &c.

But at the Spread Eagle we're serious Folks,
Our Noses are long, we can stand all their Jokes;
Our Noses are long, and our Noses are stout;
So pray, *Brother Knight*, tofs the Tankard about.

Derry down, &c.

An Irishman's Nose, for to sum up the whole,
Is like nothing so much as a long Barber's Pole;
And Paddy you see for the Length of his Nose,
Is carress'd by the Ladies wherever he goes.

Derry down, &c.

AN INVITATION to the SPREAD EAGLE, STRAND.

*Tune; Round down down, up and Down; Derry derry, up
and down, &c.*

TIS by the Black Eagle—we all understand,
That's lately brought over by Prince Ferdinand,
'Twas a compliment paid to the Knights in the Strand,
with his Round down down, &c.

To confirm it, the Muses can other Things name,
The Spread Eagle must be a Type of ^{his} Fame,
They both spread alike—and to Merit lay Claim
of a Round down down &c.

The bold Knights of Britain are hearty and free,
They're Friends both to Justice and to Liberty,
They're a Credit to both their King and Country,
with a Round down down, &c.

No Treason they talk of—no Traytors they know,
They are Liberty's Friends—and Oppression's dread Poe,
All the Blood in their Veins for Britannia does flow,
with a Round down down, &c.

In Virtue's fair Cause they all join Hand in Hand,
And Historians remark—ne'er was yet in the Strand
So noble a Sight, as their Lodge and their GRAND;
with a Round down down, &c.

I have heard some old Men say, who've had many Wives,
And undoubtedly seen many Scenes in their Lives,
That whatever these knights undertake, with e'm thrives;
with a Round down down, &c.

There cannot be many I think in the Land
Wou'd refuse to be Knighted—since Knighthood's so
grand;

So let e'm repair to our Lodge in the Strand,
with a Round down down, &c.
We

We have got a poor Poet—a Knight to be sure,
But scorn to despise him because he is poor,
Perhaps he'll be richer in Months three or four;
with a Round down down, &c.

So pray fill a Bumper quite up to the Brim;
Here's a Health to the Grand—to our Brother and him,
For his Heart's full of Truth—tho' his Head's full of Whim
with a Round down down, &c.

Now Landlord to you in a full flowing Bowl,
Altho' your Spread Eagle's as black as a Coal,
Your Liquors are good—e'ery Inch you're a Soul;
with a Round down down, &c.

C H O R U S.

XX

The P O E T's last Will and Testa-
ment.



With V A R I A T I O N S.

FINDING myself extremely ill,
I thought I'd better make my Will,
Because sometimes when People die
Disputes with Legatees run high;
Which, Discord, Noise, and Tumult brings,
But I'll prevent such sort of Things.
Come here, my good indulgent Wife,
The Joy and Comfort of my Life,
Who after drinking, ne'er was loth
To make your Husband Mutton Broth,
And get me some nice dainty picking;
And coax my Appetite with Chicking.
Come hither, Sarah—come, my Dear,
See what your Husband's doing here;
But first of all e'er I begin,
Go fetch me half a Pint of Gin.
The Gin's produc'd, and lo! 'tis gone,
The Poet's Pen is Jogging on:
This is my Will without one Flaw,
You'll find it all stand good in Law.

P O E T'S

POET'S Apparel.

A Coat remarkable for shining,
 A Waistcoat with but half a Lining,
 A Shirt as black as any Cinder,
 That's fit for nothing else, but Tinder;
 A pair of rotten Stocking Breeches
 That have more Vermin in than Riches;
 One Pair of Stockings, but so so;
 A Wig flux'd up at Middle Row;
 A Hat without a Button or Loop,
 Boyl'd well wou'd make delicious Soup;
 A Pair of Shoes, or Sandals rather,
 That want both Soles and Upper Leather;
 Two odd Shoe Buckles made of Steel,
 As rough and rusty as you will.

* * *So much by way of Apparel.*

POET'S Furniture

Item—my Bedstead full of Bugs,
 One Sheet—one Blanket, two old Rugs;
 Six Chairs that want both Legs and Matting,
 A Wire Trap, to catch a Rat in;
 A Stool on which I us'd to dine,
 Made of a broken Alehouse Sign;
 Two wooden Trenchers pretty good,
 One Horn Spoon, and two made of Wood;
 Three Knives their Blades quite full of Hacks,
 Their Edges thicker than their Backs;
 A broken Fork without a Handle,
 A Saveall and a farthing Candle;
 One Candlestick eat up with Rust,
 A Tub to hold a little Dust;
 An old tin Pot—a crack'd Brass Skillet,
 That runs as fast as you can fill it;
 A Tea-kettle that's full of Bruises,
 Which I or Sarah seldom uses
 Two broken Saucers, Teacups three,
 And half an Ounce of bad Bohea.

Loaf

Loaf I have none, but if you please,
 There's half a Pound of Suffolk Cheese;
 A Flint that never Service did,
 A Tinder-Box without a Lid;
 Two crack'd and crazy earthen Jars,
 A Grate compos'd of Bricks and Bars,
 A Poker shap'd extremely odd,
 Made of a broken Curtain Rod;
 A Pair of Tongs that meet so vile,
 To use e'm, always make one smile;
 A Pair of Bellows, but the Snout
 Is lost somehow by dropping out;
 A Fire Shovel worn so thin,
 It bends just like a piece of Tin,
 A Frying Pan with five large Holes;
 And about Half a Peck of Coals;
 A Gridiron, if the Truth is spoken,
 Three of his Ribs are sadly broken;
 An Iron Pottage Pot and Ladle,
 With an old useless worn out Cradle;
 And three yearlings that's always screaming,
 I leave my Wife—the best of Women.

A HYMN call'd the BLASPHEMER.

Imitated after the Manner of Mr. Whitfield.

THE impious Wretch, that scorns to dread,
 The Power of the LORD,
 Calls for Damnation on his Head,
 And swears at ev'ry Word.

With bitter Oaths, his Mouth is cram'd,
 With no Remorse he's stung,
 For all the Language of the d--n'd,
 Is utter'd by his Tongue.

His Breath, which shou'd be us'd in Pray'r,
 Is in Blasphemy spent;
 Like Brimstone, it infects the Air,
 Whene'er he gives it went.

He lives as tho' his Duty were
 To practise all that's Evil;
 To lye and curse, and damn and swear,
 And Hourly serve the Devil.



EPILOGUE.

WELL;---this is Money thrown away;
 Yet still, I've one thing got to say,
 'Twill learn me Wit another Day.

And Wit, I've oftentimes been taught,
 Is never worth a single Groat,
 Unless it's pretty dearly bought.

The Title on't, is well enough;
 Some Folks are handled pretty rough;
 But 'tis a paltry Piece of Stuff.

No French---diable sacred Dieu;
 No Scotch---braw Lod---I ken 'tis new;
 But split my Wemb, thismunna do.

Now

Now *Paddy*,---red-hot as a Heater,
'Cause there's no brouge---swears by *St. Peter*,
There's neither Reason, Sense, nor Metre.

Poor *Taff* enrag'd, cries spult hur Nails,
Hur hates hur *Canterbury Tales*;
Hur'd rather hear some News from *Wales*.

'Tis scoff'd by those, that for Court scribbles;
The Lawyers wanted in't more Quibbles;
'Tis not spun out fine enough for Fribbles.

And for the Learned, 'tis too coase,
They think the Author wants to force
On them, a Medicine for a mad Horse.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN, ye see!
In what sad plight, we Authors be,
When with our Plan---none will agree!

your
life



The E N D.

